

*The History of*

hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begdu- ring life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince,*

*Prin.* What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword  
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy sword  
*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turk  
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day  
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not  
my sword, but takemy Pistoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giueit me, what is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will sacke a City.

*The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.*

*Prin.* What is it a time to iest and dally now?

*He throwes the bottle at him.*

*Exit.*

*Fal.* Wel, if Percy be ahue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my  
way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a  
Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as sir Walter  
hath: giue me life, which, if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes  
vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excursions, Enter the King the Prince, Lord Iohn  
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*Kim.* I prethee marry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. Ioh.* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiesity make vp  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends. *(tent)*

*King.* I will do so, my L. of Westmerland leade him to his

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your tent,

*Prin.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue,

*The*

*Henry the fourth.*

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where staine Nobility lies troden on,  
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

*Iohn.* We breath too long, come cosen Westmerland,  
Our duty this way lies, For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiue me Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit,  
Before I loude thee as a brother, Iohn,  
But now I do respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance then I did looke for  
Off such an vngrowne warrior.

*Prin.* O, this boy lends metrall to vs all.

*Doug.* Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the Douglas fatal to all those  
That weare those colours on them. VVhat art thou  
That counterfeist the person of a king?

*King.* The king himself, who Douglas grieues at hear  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met,  
And not the very king: I haue two boyes  
Seeke Percy and thy selfe about the field,  
But seeing thou fallest on me so luckily  
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfeit,  
And yet in faith thou bearest thee like a King,  
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be:  
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, Enter prince of Wales*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head vile Scot or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirites  
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes  
It is the Prince of VVales, that threatens thee,  
VVho neuer promiseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,  
And so hath Clifton, ile to Clifton straight,

*Kim.* Stay, and breath a while,

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